The very bottome and the ſoule of Hope,
The very liſt, the very vtmoſt bound
Of all our Fortunes.

Dowg. Fayth, and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweete reuerſion.
We may boldly ſpend vpon the hope of what t'is to come in,
A comfort of rstirement liues in this.

Hot. A randeuous, a home to fly vnto,
If that the Diuell and Miſchance looke big
Vpon the maydenhead of our affaires.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had been heere:
The qualitie and heire of our attempt
Brookes no diuiſion, it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſedome, loyalty, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, well you know, we of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbiterment,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs:
This abſence of your Father drawes a curtaine,
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You ſtraine too farre.
I rather of his abſence make this vſe,
It lends a luſtre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your greate enterprize,
Then if the Earle were heere: for men muſt thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a head
To puſh againſt the Kingdome, with his helpe,
We ſhall, or turne it topſie turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.

Dowg. As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this deame of feare.

Enter Sir Rich. Vernon.

Hot. My cooſen *Vernon*, welc
Ver. Pray God my newes be
The Earle of *Weſtmerland*, ſeau
Is marching hitherwards, with
Hot. No harme, what more
Ver. And further, I haue lea
The King himſelfe in perſon h
Or hitherwards intended ſpeed
With ſtrong and mighty prepa
Hot. He ſhall be welcome to
The nimble-footed mad cap, *P*
And his Cumrades, that daft t
And bid it paſſe?
Ver. All furniſht? all in Arme
All plumpe like Eſtriges, that w
Bayted like Eagles, hauing late
Gattring in golden Coates lik
As full of ſpirit as the moneth
And gorgious as the Sunne at
Wanton as youthfull Goates,
I ſaw young *Harry* with his Be
His Cuſhes on his thighes, gal
Riſe from the ground like feat
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into
As if an Angell dropt downe fr
To turn and winde a fiery *Peg*
And witch the world with nobl
Hot. No more, no more, wo
This prayſe doth nouriſh Agu
They come like Sacrifices in th
And to the fire-eyde mayde of
All hot and bleeding, will we o
The mayled *Mars* ſhall on his
Vp to the eares in bloud. I am
To heare this rich reprizall is ſ
And yet not ours. Come, let
Who is to beare me like a hun
Againſt the boſome of the *Pr*

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